

# The Coconino Sun

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## CUT 'EM OUT, SAYS REDLEG!

Chairman Dent's bill to do away with all chevrons showing service either abroad or at home, has raised a storm of sarcastic comment among the boys who have been serving "over there." Some of the letters to the "Stars and Stripes," the soldier paper of the A. E. F., are so warm on the subject that they are hard to get in print without smelling of scorched paper. The bill referred to abolished all service stripes. Heretofore gold stripes showed service overseas, while white ones showed service in the United States. The Stars and Stripes says it was swamped with letters on the subject from members of the American Expeditionary Forces in France, and here is a sample of the kind they received:

"To the editor of the Stars and Stripes:

"I note with great pleasure that a law is about to be passed prohibiting the wearing of service chevrons. I only rate two now, and I am sure that I shall not have more than five when I return. They are a nuisance.

"Suppose I were allowed to wear them. Suppose I should lean up against the desk of the employment agency when I get back looking for a job? Just as I am about to land it the guy behind the glasses says:

"What's them mean?"

"Overseas service, sir, one for each six months."

"Nothing doing, young fellow. We don't want any workmen around here that have been in the army. We want clever young fellows that have sense enough to stay at home. Next!"

"And the guy with the prohibitionist ribbon on his coat gets the job. I'm against distinctions. Cut 'em out.

## ARTILLERY."

America is learning now to "pay the freight" in every conceivable manner; income tax, floor tax, and every other tax that could be thought of—and, we are supposed to feed the Germans to keep them from going "hog wild" into the Bolshevik camp. More wars are started and there is no end to what America is going to have to do in way of economy to keep the European nations from either starving or eating each other up. The whole European game seems to be to load the load onto America, and President Wilson acts as though he had secured a hunch from on high to pile it onto the American people—soak 'em, for they know not what they are up against.

"Feed them," is now the cry. Feed all Europe.

"Feed the men who fed the guns that killed the boys America fed to Europe."

Three months more and the Americans would have helped to feed to Huns the lead that would have prevented their propaganda which now bids fair to necessitate another mobilization of our boys to help clean up Europe and the "fourteen points" that gave aid and comfort to the raging Huns and their Bolshevik assistants.

The feeling gradually taking hold of the common people in regard to the league of nations, is that it is purely a Cecil-Wilson contract and about the only thing that America can possibly get out of the covenant is more trouble. President Wilson selected a dummy bunch of representatives—representing Wilson—that's all. The president agrees that it will not "keep us out of war," and it looks as though America was taking the contract to feed all of Europe, finance them for years to come, and even then the doctrine of protecting ourselves against foreign aggression on this continent, known as the Monroe doctrine, was to be sacrificed. The Lowell-Lodge debate was a most enlightening affair; ex-President Taft has views on the subject much in line with Wilson's, but none of them were appointed in the representation of the common people. The U. S. Senate was not even consulted, and they must pass on the agreement before it is accepted. This is really not a one man country; it is about all of us can do to keep things going on the up grade.

Some one has sent Bill Hohenzollern a letter telling him that some one was going to kill him. A letter of that kind should be stretched out into a real initiative petition. Bill is only a livered carcass, any ordinary quack doctor could take him apart and show that his internal mechanism was a counterpart of that allotted to a Mexican section hand.

It took 40,000 more employees to run the Pennsylvania railroad in 1918 than it did in 1917, with less tonnage carried. Administration democrats are still wondering how they happened to lose that last election after such perfectly splendid arrangements had been made for something very different.

In making bitter complaint against republican senators for "filibustering," thus preventing the passage of much legislation, especially appropriation bills, democrats seem to overlook the fact that President Wilson could have called congress into session the day after the old session closed.

Jimmy Douglas in his old Douglas "scratch-patch," says: "There are two kinds of bonds that appeal to girls; matrimonial and Liberty Bonds." Well, old Solomon; part right. First to get the third mentioned, and the rest to get the second mentioned.

If there is one thing more than another that this state needs, it is a strong democratic daily, backed by men who feel that it is their duty to protect themselves from the onslaught of the people who do not fully realize how much better it is to permit them to handle all the moneys under the banner of "democracy," than it is to merely have their money spent by some damphool who really believes that there should be twenty per cent efficiency—some folks call it "actual results." It is with deep regret that we announce that there is only one or two papers published in the whole state that are willing to swallow the whole works, hook, sinker, line and nibble at the pole. There is every reason to believe that with enough money a great big daily could be published to show conclusively where more money could be made by "playing the game,"—think of the bond issues and the money now being spent; it would run a dozen party papers. Think of the unborn children and their grandsons who can pay the bonds off. Now's the time to wallop 'em.

The people of Snowflake have petitioned the city council to abolish the lone and only pool hall in that town, claiming the boys play pool when should be chopping wood and doing the chores. Well, football, baseball, golf, tennis, croquet and picture shows are all a waste of energy. Just think how much wood could be cut in the time put in at such things. We may not ever need all the wood, but each one could point at his wood pile with pride and brag on how much bigger it was than his neighbor's. This movement should be made world-wide.

It is reported that there is a move on foot by certain state officials who have put up a fund of \$1,000 to file a referendum on the new board of control law which took the place of the commission of state institutions. This would have the effect of nullifying the new law until 1920, and leave no funds for the old commission. It would be a great democratic stunt to thus muddy the already riley waters. The voters will undoubtedly remember the outfit if they attempt it.

Monkeying with the clock does not seem to have made much of a hit. The farmers want the clock turned ahead an hour every morning, and back an hour at night. There are other elements of society who want this process reversed. Now, if congress would pass a law giving every man over fifty and every woman over thirty, ten per cent off on their ages, it would be a mighty big saving in man and lady power.

Intermingled with the other legislative entanglements is found the law creating the board of regents of the state university. The constitution says the state superintendent shall be an ex-officio member of that board; the law omits him and he says he will stand on his rights. It's alright with us if he can find them.

With the coming of spring there is a revival of talk of more paving this year. Paving was postponed when war was declared, with the intention of going ahead after the war was over. The old paving has stood the test and has made a wonderful improvement in the looks of the town.

Speaking of the low ebb of morality in this state, we wish to point with horror to the fact that only within the last few days a moral degenerate stole a henryford at Phoenix. Smut has also been encountered near Holbrook, where detectives say oil is hiding out.

Phoenix has gone "Bolshevik" on this time question, and has refused to turn their clocks ahead an hour. Phoenix used to have three kinds of time and now they are having an er-awful time with two times. One is Phoenix and the other is Woodrow time.

Secretary Baker has issued an order that permits aviators to fly now without wearing spurs. He still has to wear them while dismounted, on the ground. Strange, each aviator is not compelled to wear an anchor and chain to use in case his machine fell to the ground.

Owing to the failure of the necessary appropriations, the so-called U. S. Employment Service has been "skeletonized" by discharging all privates in the organization and retaining all the high salaried executives on the pay roll. Isn't that characteristic?

The Phoenix Gazette has been sued for \$50,000 damages by an ex-prison employe. There seems to be a general disposition, especially among the democratic brethren, to reduce the income tax of newspapers in this state.

The labor unions of Denver have intimidated by resolution that Postmaster General Burleson could be easily gotten along with. There are a whole lot of people throughout the country much of the same opinion.

The legislature recently passed a law absolutely prohibiting false and misleading advertising, yet we note that residence lots are being advertised for sale in the Winslow Mail.

From all reports from the different oil fields it is evident the government will soon have to step in and stop them, or the price of oil will go down.

President Wilson requested the resignation of two members of the civil service commission. Probably they took their jobs too seriously.

Easter Sunday has been scheduled this year for April 20, providing there is no veto or special legislation.

We hope business will be resumed as usual as soon as President Wilson gets back from France.

You know what a petard is, of course. Well, Creel had one, and got hoisted with it.

Have you sampled the new "luxury tax" yet? Jerusalem! Vat a league of notions!

## TUBA CITY DEPARTMENT

(By a Booster.)

Two of the Teachers of Athletic Adaptation slid down with the children on the Fire-contraption; now one is around in grief and pain, while the other is ready to do it again, for one is "Upholstered" like a high-priced car, the other, like a "Ford," had "Little" to ease the jar.

Mr. Watt is out on the reservation distributing Vegetable Seed among the Navajoes. The "Seed of Discontent" was passed among them last year, by "High Priced Wool." He was a "Son-avagun."

Joe Lee was HERE AGAIN; there is just ONE in this town to whom he will speak, at times he's "mum" for over a week; He said he came to buy some hay? But he had the same excuse the other day. He dropped in at Kerly's Post, and to Mr. Sianz was heard to boast that no young "Vet," however spry, could beat his time, or would ever get a wink from her to whom he played the dandy, for I, Joe Lee, bring her candy." Ask Sianz, he heard him.

George Rickel, trader at Bobsburg, is expected over soon.

The traders' meeting to agree on the price of wool, was postponed. The Police Force is only One-hundred strong, more or less at present, so the Citizens ask them not to gather together until the force was recruited up to full strength. Eight traders were expected to attend.

Joe Kerley, who is well known in and around Flagstaff, is expected home from the war, in company with a "Wee Irish Colleen" from the city of Dublin, Ireland.

Miss Alma Roberts, Red Lake, was called to Albuquerque on account of sickness.

W. C. Roberts bought a horse for \$2.50 and in a short time afterwards sold the animal for \$150.00. Some Trader at Red Lake Post bought a horse that was thought a ghost. The reason now I'll tell you why—this horse was left on the desert to die. Two cowboys near Kanab were hunting for fun, and jobs to grab; they got caught in the snow—this poor horse, overloaded, refused to go. They put their packs upon their backs and hit the trail, and you may go bail that they reached the store, hungry, fatigued and sore. They thought an end had come to joys, for they were inexperienced boys and felt as if they would surely die, asking the trader if he would buy the dying horse up on the scrub; the funds for him would buy them grub. The trader, who is up to date, bought the horse for coyote bait. Just "Two and a half" was all the "Kale" they wanted for the Bill of Sale. The trader then told his man: "Bring that horse down if you can." It took all day, although but three miles away, and from the appearance of the beast, he looked indeed like Coyote Feat. The Navajo is afraid of "Spooks"; is particular about whose "Goose he Cooks." The Trader's wife then made a talk that this poor horse yet could walk; the Husband, being a Diplomat, knew what to do when wife talked like that, and turned the beast on oats and hay, promised to feed him every day. This occurred two months ago; the horse is now worth a "Hundred or So." This just shows what KINDNESS REAPS to those in whose heart MERCY keeps and the story too is told. The Lord rewards the Generous Souled.

Bill Conly was here last week. Have not seen you for a long time Bill. How did you put in the Winter?

An Indian Trader, at Uncle Sam's call, says he to himself, I'm off for the Brawl. He joined up, with the navy and set sail on a boat, and it's over in Dublin they anchored his goat. While strolling around enjoying the scene, he met up with a Beauty, An Irish Colleen. A whole lot amazed and equally "Plazed," to think such a Beauty in the Auld Sod was raised. With a look to her portside and a look to her lee, sez he to himself, "She was created for me." He started with smiling, but she was beguiling, and then on the moment the sailor exclaimed: "Sure, look here me beauty, Begob, it's me duty, your attention to

marriage proclaimed; to be just for Home-min and not for Yeo-min, the Soldier, the Sailor, nor Fighting Marine. I'm just a sailor with a "boob" for a tailor, and an inherited name that I'm inclined to be "mane" but if you'll be waiting, the while I am prating, sure, in a jiffy the question I'll "POP," for with your sly winking, begob, I am thinking that this is the place I'm DUBLIN UP.

## OAK CREEK ITEMS

Our vicinity was visited with t 30-hour rain, and if prospects for spring feed were ever better at this time of the year, old timers don't remember that time. Cattle are lying entirely on green feed and have been for the last two weeks.

Governor Campbell has signed the bill appropriating \$20,000 for a brand new bridge to cross Oak creek at Cornville. The bridge across the Verde at Thompson's crossing is also an assured fact. With these two bridges in operation the people can go somewhere, and rest assured that they can get back some time, without having to camp out in the hills to wait for the water to go down.

Farmers are busy planting crops and the fields at present are as green as the hills.

The "flu" visited our neighborhood and a number of people were afflicted but no deaths resulted. It put our schools on the bum for several weeks, but they are running again under the supervision of Miss Van Asp of San Pedro and Miss Hosfeldt of Los Angeles.

The stockmen were badly scared for a while on account of poor feed on the range, but since the prospects for such excellent feed, a few of them have recovered sufficiently to smile occasionally.

A number of the Oak creek boys are home from overseas, and from the training camps. Those who have returned home are, Glen Gardner, Ed Lay, Fritz Schueman, Eugene Lee, Myron Lay, Roy Smith, Tony Chaves, Sam Duncan and Byron Homer. Edgar Page is expected home in a few days. Lester Mickle is in Germany. Henry Schueman, Jr., is in Germany.

George Dickerson is in Brest, France, Arle Henderson was killed in France. The boys all express themselves as glad to get back, and seem to think Oak Creek about the best place they most ever saw, and are fully able to appreciate what a home really is.

"Little girl, why aren't you provided with an umbrella?"

"Because father hasn't been to the church lately."

## Peels Off Corns Between Toes

The Great Corn Loosener of the Age. Never Fails. Painless.

A corn mashed, squeezed and crushed, all day long, in between two toes. You can try the desperate, "treat 'em rough" way and try to dig



"Two Drops of 'Gels-it'—That's All!" it out and fail. Or, you can try the sensible, peaceful, painless, easy way and use "Gels-it." It's easy for "Gels-it" to remove corns in hard-to-get-at places. It's a liquid—a wonderful painless formula—it has never been successfully imitated. It settles on the corn, and dries immediately. Instead of digging out the corn, you peel it out painlessly. There's no sticky plaster that doesn't stay "put," no salve that irritates or rubs off. You reach the corn easily with the little glass rod in the cork of every "Gels-it" bottle. It does not hurt the true flesh. Try it, trot and smile! It's a blessing; never fails. "Gels-it," the guaranteed, money-back corn-remover, the only sure way, costs but a trifle at any drug store. M'd by E. Lawrence & Co., Chicago, Ill.



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